

Rodriguez

"This Is Not A Song, It's An Outburst: Or, The Establishmen"

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Woman please be gone
You've stayed here much too long
Don't you wish that you could cry
Don't you wish I would die

Seamy, seesaw kids
Childwoman on the skids
The dust will choke you blind
The lust will choke your mind

I kiss the floor, one kick no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree

I kiss the floor, one kick no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
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The inner city birthed me
The local pusher nursed me
Cousins make it in the street
They marry every trick they meet

A dime, a dollar they're all the same
When a man comes in to bust your game
The turn key comes, his face a grin
Locks the cell I'm in again

I kiss the floor, one kick no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree...

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